

THE 1562/1018. Co
FARMER
AND
LACE-MERCHANT.

To which are added

SWEET ALISON.

The HURL-BARROW.

Auld Sir Simon the King.

Let Gay Ones and Great.



Entered according to Order. 1799.

The FARMER and LACE-MERCHANT.

I Will tell you of a farmer,
that went to pay his rent,
And for to pay his landlord,
it was his full intent.

His wife she thought he had been gone,
but it was a mistake,
For he was in his closet,
some writing for to make.

Then in comes a Lace-merchant,
she treated him with wine,
She says my husband's gone from home,
to love I am inclin'd.

I wish he never may come home,
and this complaint she made,
Then took him to a private room,
where bed and pillows laid.

The farmer bearing what was said,
his anger rose apace,
Then in the kitchen he did go,
where he found a box of lace.

He took it, and he open'd it,
and in the same he found
A diamond ring, lace and bills,
worth seven hundred pound.

Then the farmer goes into the town,
 as cunning as a fox,
 And there he got a bastard child,
 and put it in the box.

He took his neighbour home with him,
 all for to see the fun,
 And so carefully he put the box
 in the same place again.

Now with his boots and spurs on,
 into the room he goes,
 And with his whip into his hand,
 he turn'd down the bed-cloaths.

Then he began to whip them both,
 and follow'd up his blows,
 The smart they could no longer bear,
 so run without their cloathes.

And not thinking of a child then,
 the lace-man took his box,
 There he did run like a madman,
 blood running down his locks.

His wife seeing him naked,
 she fell into a fit,
 She thought by a gang of thieves
 he had been robb'd or strapp'd.

She pitied him deplorably,
 and did bewail his case,
 But it's well you have sav'd your box,
 the diamond ring and lace.

No sooner had she spoke the word,
 than the child began to cry
 Which made the matter ten times worse,
 they swore both bitterly.

The merchant's forc'd to keep the child,
 which grieves him to the life,
 A thousand times he curs'd the day,
 he kiss'd the farmer's wife.

For horning of the farmer,
 he paid a thousand pounds,
 And never more he durst to come
 upon the farmer's grounds.



SWEET ALISON.

COME all you honest lovers,
 and listen to my theme,
 For I love a pretty girl,
 Sweet Alison is her name.

Whoe'er knows this lovely creature,
 surely they will be as I,
 They will love her they will love her,
 else they do deserve to die.

For she's such a taking creature,
 that my heart she's tane from me,
 Though I thought I'd been possess'd o't
 as firm's most men could be.

She's not the first maid I have seen,
 altho' I love her best,
 But she's more blythness in her face,
 than any of the rest.

The first time that I near her was,
 she on me cast a smile
 And whether it was my love or not,
 she did my heart beguile.

For her eyes they're so enflaming,
 that many they're like to burn,
 But if she's grant her hand to me,
 we'd leave the rest to mourn.

Her smiles new life gives to my heart,
 her frowns are like to kill,
 Ye gods if she's not to be mine,
 from my sight keep her still.

For happy thrice that youth must be,
 who folds her in his arms,
 Who access has and freedom too,
 to rattle all her charms.

Ye gods give her unto my arms,
 that I may happy be,
 If this ye grant, I'll dance and sing,
 and love my sweet Alie.

For if I had great store of wealth,
 and gold at my command,
 I'd lay it all at Alie's feet
 if she'd give me her hand.

And take more pleasure in that a^t
 than heaping up the gold,
 If I that lovely creature might
 within my arms but fold.

Adieu ye songsters for a while,
 till sweet Alice be mine,
 And then we'll raise her fame so high,
 'that she'll be thought divine.

And this request must granted be,
 before I can take rest,
 I'll ask no more, and nothing less
 can satisfy my breast.



THE HURL-BARROW.

WHEN I was a wee thing,
 and just like an elf,
 All the meat that e'er I gat,
 I laid upon the shelf.

The rottens and the mice
 they fell into a strife,
 They wadnae let my meat alane
 till I gat a wife.

And when I gat a wife,
 she wadnae bide therein,
 Till I gat a hurl-barrow
 to hurl her out and in.

The hurl-barrow brake,
 my wife she gat a fa';
 And the foul fa' the hurl-barrow,
 cripple wife and a'.

She wadnae eat nae bacon,
 she wadnae eat nae beef,
 She wadnae eat nae lang kail,
 for fying o' her teeth :

But she wad eat the bonny bird,
 that sits upon the tree :
 Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
 and I fall follow thee.



AULD SIR SIMON THE KING.

SOME say that kissing's a sin,
 but I say that winna stand :
 It is a mose innocent thing,
 and allow'd by the laws of the land.

If it were a transgression,
 the ministers it would reprove ;
 But they, their elders and session,
 can do it as weel as the lave.

It's lang since it came in fashion,
 I'm sure it will never be done,
 As lang as there's in the nation,
 a lad, lass, wife, or a lown.

What can I say more to commend it,
 tho' I should speak all my life?
 Yet this I will say in the end o't,
 let every man kiss his ain wife.

Let him kiss her clap her, and dawt her,
 and gie her beny lence due,
 And that will a thrifty wife mak her,
 and sae I'll bid farewell to you.



LET GAY ONES AND GREAT.

I ET gay ones and great
 Make the most o' their fate
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;
 The blisks I find
 No stings leave behind
 But health and diversion unite.



F I N I S

